talks, but he don't forget himself. And

the way he can palaver them Mexicans

Kruger, and then he sat a while in

"Very likely, very likely," agreed

"We got a few thousand dollars with

us, too," volunteered Bud at last. "I'm

a good worker, if that's what you want

-and Phil, he's a mining engineer."

"Um-m," grunted Kruger, tugging at

his beard, but he did not come out

with his proposal.
. "I tell you," he said at last. "I'm

not doing much talking about this

proposition of mine. It's a big thing,

and somebody might beat me to it.

He fixed his shrewd, blue eyes on

"That's right," he continued, as Bud

the young man's open countenance

finally nodded non-committally; "she's

sure rich. I've had an eye on this

proposition for years-just waiting for

the right time to come. And now it's

come! All I need is the man. It

ain't a dangerous undertaking-least-

wise I don't think it is-but I got to

have somebody I can trust. I'm willing

'Must have had a little trouble,

"Well, you might call it that," agreed

"Well," continued Kruger, "this

proposition of mine is different. You

was over in the Sierra Madres, where

the natives are bad. These Sonora

Mexicans ain't like them Chihuahua

fellers-they're Americanized. I'll tell

you, if it wasn't that the people would

know me I'd go down after this mine

"Yes," he said, "we was near a rail-

like them red-flaggers did nothing else

but burn bridges and ditch supply

"Well," argued Kruger, "this rail-

in on this tomorrow, as far's the revo-

lution's concerned. It ain't dangerous

"Nope," pronounced Bud, rising por

"Well, let's talk it over again some

time," urged Kruger, following him

with a young feller the way I was with

you, and I believe we can make it yet

"Up at the Cochise," said Bud.

but I want somebody I can trust."

That's where we got it again."

Bud. "We been on the dodge for a

month. A bunch of revoltosos tried to

out on 'em they tried to get us."

and waited for him to speak.

is a wonder.

man that knows."

down into Mexico."

'scared?"

his eyes.

difference."

# The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of
"THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS,"
"THE TEXICAN," Etc. Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey.)

A story of border Mexico, vivid, Intense, such as has never before been written, is this one of Ameri--can adventurers into the land of manana. Texan, mining engineer, Spanish senor and senorita, peon, Indian, crowd its chapters with clear-cut word pictures of business, adventure and love, against a somber background of wretched armies marching and countermarching across a land racked by revolution and without a savior.

CHAPTER I.

The slow-rolling winter's sun rose coldly, far to the south, riding up from behind the saw-toothed Sierras of Mexico to throw a slivery halo on Gadsden, the border city. A hundred miles of desert lay in its path-a waste of broken ridges, dry arroyos, and sandy plains—and then suddenly, as if by magic, the city rose gleaming in

It was a big city, for the West, and awarming with traffic and men. Its broad main street, lined with brick buildings and throbbing with automobiles, ran from the railroad straight to the south until, at a line, it stopped short and was lost in the desert.

That line which marked the sudden end of growth and progress was the border of the United States; the desert was Mexico. And the difference was not in the land, but in the government.

As the morning air grew warm and the hoar frost dripped down from the roofs the idlers of the town crept forth, leaving chill lodgings and stale saloons for the street corners and the

Against the dead wall of a big store the Mexicans gathered in shivering groups, their blankets wrapped around their necks and their brown ankles bare to the wind. On another corner a bunch of cowboys stood clannishly aloof, eying the passing crowd for oth-

In this dun stream which flowed under the morning sun there were mining men, with high-laced boots and bulging pockets; graybeards, with the gossip of the town in their cheeks; hoboes, still wearing their eastern caps and still rustling for a quarter to eat on; somber-eyed refugees and soldiers of fortune from Mexico-but adlers all, and each seeking his class

If any women passed that way they walked fast, looking neither to the right nor to the left; for they, too, being so few, missed their class and

Gadsden had become a city of men. huge-limbed and powerful and with a questing look in their eyes; a city of adventurers gathered from the ends of the world. A common calamity had he explained laconically, "The hotel's driven them from their mines and men, for the war was on in Mexico and from the farthermost corners of new scene of murder and pillage, to add to the general discontent.

As the day wore on the crowd on the bank corner, where the refugees made their stand, changed its complexion, grew big, and stretched far up the street. Men stood in shifting groups, talking, arguing, gazing mood-My at those who passed.

Here were hawk-eyed Texas cattle men, thinking of their scattered herds at Mababi or El Tigre; mining men, with idle prospects and deserted mines as far south as the Rio Yaqui; mill smen, ranchers and men of trades; all driven in from below the line and all chafing at the leash. While a hundred petty chiefs stood out against Madero and lived by ransom and loot, they amust cool their heels in Gadsden and wait for the end to come.

Into this seething mass of the dis possessed, many of whom had lost a fortune by the war, there came two more, with their faces still drawn and gred from hard riding through the cold. They stepped forth from the marble entrance of the big hotel and swung off down the street to see the town.

They walked slowly, gazing into the strange faces in the vague hope of finding some friend; and Gadsden, not to be outdone, looked them over curlously and wondered whence they had

The bunch of cowboys, still loitering on the corner, glanced scornfully at the smaller man, who sported a pair of puttees- and then at the big man's feet. Finding them encased in prospector's shoes they stared dumbly at his wind-burned face and muttered

was tall, and broad across the shoulders, with far-seeing blue eyes and a mop of light hair; and he walked on his toes, stiff-legged, swaying from his hips like a man on horseback. The rumble of comment rose up again as he racked past and then a cowboy

"I'll bet ye he's a cow-punch!" The big man looked back at them ockingly out of the corner of his eye and went on without a word.

It is the boast of cowboys that they tell another puncher at a glance, but they are not alone in this-there are other crafts that leave their mark d other men as shrewd. A group of ng men took one look at the on his corduroys and the intellige he his eyes; and to them the big ss no more than a lab boss at most—and the little man one of their kind. Every line in mobile face spoke of intellect and

street, now drifting into some clamorous saloon, now standing at gaze on the sidewalk; and as the drinks began to work, the little man became more and more animated the big man more and more amiable in his assent and

Then they passed the crowd of refugees they stopped and listened, com-menting on the various opinions by an exchange of knowing smiles. An old prospector, white-haired and tanned to a trople brown, finally turned upon a presumptuous optimist and the little man nodded approvingly as he heard him express his views.

"You can say what you please," the prospector ended, "but I'm going to keep out of that country. I've knowed them Mexicans for thirty years now and I'm. telling you they're gitting treacherous. It don't do no good to have your gun with you-they'll shoot you from behind a rock-and if they can't git you that way, they'll knife you in your sleep.

"I've noticed a big change in them paisanos since this war come on. Before Madero made his break they used to be scared of Americans—thought if they killed one of us the rest would cross the border and eat 'em up. What few times they did tackle a white man he generally give a good account of himself, too, and I've traveled them trails for years without hardly knowing what it was to be afraid of anybody; but I tell you it's entirely different over there now."

"Sure! That's right!" spoke up the little man, with spirit. "You're talking more sense than any man on the street. I guess I ought to know-I've been down there and through it alland it's got so now that you can't trust any of 'em. My pardner and I came clear from the Sierra Madres, riding nights, and we come pretty near knowing-hey, Bud?

"That's right," observed Bud, the big man, with a reminiscent grin, "I begin to think them fellers would get us, for a while!"

"Mining men?" inquired the old prospector politely.

"Working on a lease," said the little man briefly. "Owner got scared out and let us in on shares. But no more for muh-this will hold me for quite a while, I can tell you!" "Here, too," agreed the big man

turning to go. "Arizona is good enough for me-come on, Phil!"

"Where to?" The little man drew back half resentfully, and then he changed his mind. "All right," he said, falling into step, "a gin fizz for mine!" "Not on an empty stomach," admonished his pardner; "you might get lit up and tell somebody all you know.

"Good! But where 're you going?" The big man was leading off down a side street, and once more they came to a halt.

How about something to eat?"

"Jim's place-it's a lunch-counter," all right and maybe that fast we got, but I get hungry waiting that way. Gimme a lunch-counter, where I can wrop my legs around a Sonora they still came, hot from some stool and watch the cook turn 'em over. Come on-I been there before."

An expression of pitying tolerance came over the little man's face as he listened to this rhapsody on the quick lunch, but he drew away reluctantly. "Aw, come on, Bud," he pleaded

"Have a little class! What's the use of winning a stake if you've got to eat at a dog-joint? And besides-say, that was a peach of a girl that waited on us this morning! Did you notice her hair? She was a pippin!" The big man waggled his hand re

signedly and started on his way. "All right, pardner," he observed;

if that's the deal she's probably looking for you. I'll meet you in the room." "Aw, come on!" urged the other, but his heart was not in it, and he turned gaily away up the main street.

Left to himself, the big man went on to his lunch-counter, where he ordered oysters, "A dozen in the milk." Then ie ordered a beefsteak, to make up for several he had missed, and asked the cook to fry it rare. He was just caught his eye when an old man came in and took the stool beside him, pick ing up the menu with trembling hand.

"Give me a cup of coffee," he said to the waiter, "and"-he gazed at the bill of fare carefully-"and a roast-beef sandwich. No, just the coffee!" he corrected, and at that Bud gave him a look. He was a small man, shabbily dressed and with scraggy whiskers,

and his nose was very red. "Here," called Bud, coming to an instant conclusion, "give 'im his sand wich; I'll pay for it!"

"All right," anwered the waiter, who was no other than Sunny Jim, the pro prietor, and, whisking up a sandwich from the sideboard, he set it before the old man, who glanced at him in silence. For a fraction of a second he regarded the santwich apathetically; then, with the aid of his coffee, he made away with it and slipped down

"Say," observed the propeletor, as Bud was paying his bill, "do you know who that old-timer was?"

"What old-timer?" inquired Bud,

"Why, that old feller that you treated to the sandwich." "Oh-him! Some old drunk around

town?" hazardel Bud. "Well, he's that, too," Sunny Jim, with a smile. "But lemme tell you, pardner, if you had half the ocks that old boy's got you wouldn't sed to punch any more cows. That's the Cross-Cut mine for fifty thousand

wise? Now I've got to hunt him up pardners for two years now and he and apologize." pardners for two years now and he and apologize."

"Oh, that's all right," assured the proprietor: "he won't take any offense. That's just like old Henry—he's kinder "Well, I'll go and see him, anyway," said Bud. "He might think I was

legged, down the street.

And then, going about his duty with philosophical calm, he ambled off, stiff-

CHAPTER II.

It was not difficult to find Henry Kruger in Gadsden. The barkeepers. those efficient purveyors of information and drinks, knew him as they knew their thumbs, and a casual round of the saloons soon located him in the back room of the Waldorf

"Say," began Bud, walking bluffly up to him, "the proprietor of that resaurant back there tells me I made a mistake when I insisted on paying for your meal. I jest wanted to let you

"Oh, that's all right, young man, returned Old Henry, looking up with a humorous smile; "we all of us make our mistakes. I knowed you didn't



'We All of Us Make Our Mistakes.'

mean no offense and so I never took none. Fact is, I liked you all the better for it. This country is getting settled up with a class of people that never give a nickel to nobody. You paid for that meal like it was nothing, and never so much as looked at me. Sit down, sit down-I want to talk to

you!" They sat down by the stove and fell proximate locality of his bonanza, but nto a friendly conversation in which advertence, but when Bud rose to go the old man beckoned him back.

off mad. I want to have a talk with | trains. When they finally whipped 'em you on business. You seem to be a off the whole bunch took to the hills. pretty good young fellow-maybe we can make some dicker. What are you looking for in these parts?"

"Well," responded Bud, "some kind a train over it every day. The conof a leasing proposition, I reckon. Me and my pardner jest come in from Mexico, over near the Chihuahua line. and we don't hardly know what we

do want vet." yours," remarked Henry Kruger dryly. 'He's a great talker. I was listening to you boys out on the street there having nothing else to do much, and being kinder on the lookout for a man. anyway, and it struck me I liked your | hair slipped, on anything, but-"

line of talk best." "You're easy satisfied, then," observed Bud, with a grin. "I never said along out. "It ain't often I get took a word hardly."

"That's it," returned Kruger significantly; "this job I've got calls for a Where are you staying in town?" man like that."

"Come on with me-I told my pardner negotiating for a can of pears that had Bud, with sudden warmth. "We been I'd meet him there."

Germans Appreciate Animal's Value

and It is increasing in Popularity

cow, and that the milk possesses, be

hospitals, children's homes, and houses

for the treatment of sickness, goat's

milk is often preferred, largely on ac-

count of its purity and its freedom

from tubercular infection. Goats pos-

sess todāy as many advantages as a

cient times in Asia Minor and Persia.

Two goats could furnish a small Ger-man household with milk, and the

cost of maintenance is small. Trials

cities with goat dairies, but in almost every case they had to be discontin-ued on account of losses. Such large dairies have not been successful be-

sides, a greater nutritive value.

"Hold on," he protested; "don't go

centrator at Fortuna"-he lowered his

"Yes. I've noticed that pardner of

"Well. Phil's all right," spoke up

GOAT AS A MILK PRODUCER to be purchased for the herd and be cause of the lack of sufficient mead ow land. Finally, public opinion in cities must be educated to use and appreciate the milk of the goat in order to create a retail demand for it. The raising of goats in Germany has It is no doubt less palatable than become increasingly popular during cow's milk, and even in southern Euthe last 20 years. It is claimed by rope, where goats are much more mmon than in Germany, it is used goat breeders that four goats are as

productive in milk as a medium-sized chiefly for the manufacture of cheese. British Royal Academy The latest addition to membership

in the British Royal academy is Reginald T. Blomfield, architect. The nex R. A. is the son of the late rector of Aldington, Kent, and is fifty-seven years of age. In 1911 he was president of the Royal Institute of British Architects. His principal works are works on architecture. G. A. Storey, A. R. A., has been appointed to the professorship of perspective at the academy, which has been revived after having been allowed to lapse half a conturn to a conturn the conturn to the conturn "Huh!" grunted Bud, "he sure don't dairies have not been successful be half a century ago. Turner was elect-look it! Say, why didn't you put me cause large amounts of fodder had ed to the professorship in 1808.

There were cattlemen, still wearing their boots and overalls, the better to attend to their shipping; mining men, fust as they had come from the hills; and others more elegantly dressed— but they all had a nod for Henry Kruger. He was a man of mark, as Bud could see in a minute; but if he had other business with those who hailed him he let it pass and took out a rank brier pipe, which he puffed while Bud smoked a cigarette. They were sitting together in a

for in the West, and as Bud led the

way across the echoing lobby to a pair of stuffed chairs he had a vague feel-

ing of being in church. Stained-glass

windows above the winding stairways

et in a soft light, and on the tower

ing pillars of marble were sublasoned prickly-pears as an emblem of the West. From the darkened balconies

above, half-seen women looked down curlously as they entered, and in the broad lobby below were gathered the

friendly silence when Phil came out of the dining room, but as he drew near the old man nodded to Bud and went over to speak to the clerk.

You know what I am, I guess. I've "Who was that old-timer you w pulled off some of the biggest deals in talking to?" inquired Phil, as he sank this country for a poor man, and I down in the vacant chair. "Looks like don't make many mistakes-not about the-morning-after with him, don't it?" mineral, anyway. And when I tell you "Um," grunted Bud; "reckon it is. that this is rich-you're talking with a

Name's Kruger." 'What-the mining man?'

"That's right." "Well," exclaimed Phil, "what in the world was he talking to you about?"

"Oh, some kind of a mining deal," grumbled Bud. "Wanted me to go down into Mexico!" "What'd you tell him?" challenged the little man, sitting up suddenly in

his chair. "Say, that old boy's got rocks!" "He can keep 'em for all of me," observed Bud comfortably. "You know

to pay you good wages, or I'll let you what I think about Mexico." in on the deal-but you'll have to go "Sure; but what was his prop "Nothin' doing!" responded Bud tion? What did he want you to do?" with instant decision. "If it's in Ari-"Search me! He was mighty mysterious about it. Said he wanted a zona I'll talk to you, but no more Mex-

man he could trust." ico for me. I've got something pretty "Well, holy Moses, Bud!" cried Phil, good down there myself, as far as that wake up! Didn't you get his proposition?"

"What's the matter?" inquired Kru-"No, he wasn't talking about it. Said ger, set back by the abrupt refusal; it was a good thing and he'd pay me well, or let me in on the deal; but "Yes, I'm scared," admitted Bud, when he hollered Mexico I quit. I've and he challenged the old man with got a plenty." "Yes, but-" the little man choked

and could say no more. "Well, you're one fim dandy business man, Bud Hooker!" he burst out at last. "You'd

"Well, what's the matter?" demandget our treasure, and when we skipped ed Hooker defiantly. "Do you want to go back into Mexico? Nor me, neither! What you kicking about?"

"You might have led him on and got the scheme, anyway. Maybe there's a million in it. Come on let's go over and talk to him. I'd take a chance, if it was good enough.

"Aw, don't be a fool, Phil," urged the cowboy plaintively. "We've got no myself. The country's perfectly quiet. call to hear his scheme unless we want There's lots of Americans down there to go in on it. Leave him alone and yet, and they don't even know there is to go in on it. Leave him alone and a revolution. It sin't far from the rail he'll do something for us on this side. Oh, cripes, what's the matter with road, you see, and that makes a lot of you?'

He heaved himself reluctantly up He lowered his voice to a confiout of his chair and moved over to dential whisper as he revealed the apwhere Kruger was sitting.

"Mr. Kruger," he said, as man turned to meet him, "I'll make you acquainted with Mr. De Lancey. road-the Northwestern-and seemed my pardner. My name's Hooker." "Glad to know you, Hooker," re-

sponded Kruger, shaking him by the hand. "How'do, Mr. De Lancey." He gave Phil a rather crusty nod as he spoke, but De Lancey was dragging up another chair and failed to notice.

road of ours is all right, and they run "Mr. Hooker was telling me about ome proposition you had, to go down into Mexico," he began, drawing up voice again-"hasn't been shut down a closer while the old man watched him day, and you'll be within fifteen miles from under his eyebrows. "That's one of that town. No," he whispered: "I tough country to do business in right could get a hundred Americans to go now, but at the same time-" "The country's perfectly quiet," put

in Kruger-"perfectly quiet." "Well, maybe so," qualified De Landerously to his feet: "if it was this side the line I'd stay with you till the

"Not a bit of trouble in the world." said the old man crabbedly. "Not a

"Well," came back De Lancey, "what's the matter, then? What is the proposition, anyway?" Henry Kruger blinked and eyed him

"Tve stated the proposition to Hook er," he said, "and he refused it. That's enough, ain't it?"

De Lancey laughed and turned away, "Well, yes, I guess it is." Then, in passing, he said to Bud: "Go ahead and talk to him."

He walked away, lighting a cigarette and smiling good-naturedly, and the old-timer turned to Bud. "That's a smart man you've got for a pardner," he remarked. "A smart man. You want to look out," he added,

"or he'll get away with you." "Nope,' said Bud. "You don't know him like I do. He's straight as a die. "A man can be straight and still get away with you," observed the veteran shrewdly. "Yes, indeed." He paused to let this bit of wisdom sink in, and

then he spoke again. "You'd better quit-while you're lucky," he suggested. "You quit and come with me," he urged, "and if we strike it I'll make you a rich man. I don't need your pardner on this deal. I need just one man that can keep his head shut. Listen now; I'll tell you what It is.

"I know where there's a lost mine down in Mexico. If I'd tell you the it's free gold, too. Now there's a fel-low that had that land located for ten years, but he couldn't find the lead. D'ye see? And when this second revolution came on he let it go—he neg-lected to pay his mining taxes and let it go back to the government. And now all I want is a quiet man to slip in and denounce that land and open up the lead. Here, look at this!"

He went down into his pocket and brought out a buckskin sack, from which he handed over a piece of well-

They turned up the broad main street and passed in through the pol-ished stone portals of the Cochise, a hotel so spacious in its interior and so richly appointed in its furnishings that a New Yorker, waking up there, might Business in Italian City Again Has Full Sway. It was hardly a place to be looked

> All Activities Interrupted by Church Ceremonials Are Again Taken Up -Festa of Beata Glovanna Ends Religious Features.

Florence.-Florence is settling down to business again. All the activities interrupted by church ceremonials are resumed, the bells are ringing at regular and frequent intervals and everything is lively and bustling, save a correspondent. Out at Signa, a little walled town about seven miles on the road to Pisa, a unique proceeding incident to the season is in progress -the festa of the Beata Giovannaand when this is over the local program of religious spectacles and significant services will have been finished We were strongly tempted to go there but on inquiry found that to appreciate it fully it was necessary to make an all-day trip, and concluded to do our sightseeing at shorter range. This ceremonial consists of a series

of processions from all the villages around the town whose chapels are dependent upon the pieve or parish church of Signa. St. Giovanna was a peasant maiden of the thirteenth century, noted from childhood for her plety and virtues. While young she vowed herself to a religious life and passed many years, walled up in a little cell in meditation and prayer. Her neighbors, venerating her as a saint before her formal recognition as such, went to her for help and advice. She performed many miracles of healing, especially on children. She died alone in her cell in 1837, and it is a local tradition that her death was announced by the mysterious ringing of all the church bells in Signa and the adjacent villages. A chapel was built to serve as a shrine and her relics were kept for use on extraordinary occasions, being taken to Florence and Prato and elsewhere to stay public calamities.

Easter Monday is the special festival of St. Giovanna, when from the various villages of the district offerings of oil for the lamps of her shrine are sent in processions, borne by small children dressed as angels, riding richly decked donkeys, and accompanied by priests, acolytes and the people in their holiday attire. These offerings are carried one by one into the church and transferred with sol-



Public Fountain at Florence.

exposed to the populace.

These local ceremonies fill a large clously. The dispossession of the orders by the present government during the latter part of the past century gave offense to a great number of the people, but this feeling is passing and a readjustment is in progress.

## HAS 25.875 CHILD TOILERS

Young Workers in Philadelphia Stores and Mills Are Listed by Education Bureau.

Philadelphia, Pa.-Approximately 25,875 children under sixteen years of age are at work in stores, factories and other commercial establishments here. This is shown by the report of a statistical investigation conducted by the bureau of compulsory education. Of the 25,875 little workers, 11,-718 are girls. The report shows that these children left school in various grades, but that the greater number terminated their education in the sixth grade. Under the compulsory education law, children cannot obtain employment in Pennsylvania until they have attained the fourteenth birthday, but street trades, such as selling newspapers and shining shoes, are excepted.

## BILLION INCOME IN DISTRICT

Tax Payments Indicate Wall Street Region the Richest in the United States.

New York.-Estimates made here based upon the total income assess ments paid into the office of Charles W. Anderson, internal tax collector, includes the Wall street financial houses, 15,000 persons have a total annual income exceeding \$1,000,000,

The section in which all this money is received is about two miles square Adjoining this district, which said the income tax figure will show to be the richest in the United States. and below Fourteenth street, that is the most populous, filled by 50,000 persons, few of whom pay & inc

FLORENCE IS ACTIVE Cleanliness is next to Godliness-change clothes frequently big wash of coursenot much trouble though. Use RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPTHA SOAP. No rubbing clothes soon on line -sweet and clean.



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#### MIDSUMMER SUGGESTIONS.

By JOSEPHINE DE MARR.

Hunt ant nests and destroy them. If the little pests persist in troubling, scatter powdered borax about the infested plants.

Remove stalks of tea-roses that have bloomed; stir the soil about them and apply some good fertilizer, either liquid or solid. On wash days soak the soil with soap suds.

Many of the annuals if sown now, will make a fine show in the fall. Don't apply liquid manure when the soil is dry. If the soil is dry and you do not wish to wait until it rains, soak the soil with water and then apply the liquid manure. If you do not have the so-called

German ivy, procure cuttings, if possible, this summer. It makes a charming plant for the window even though it does not bloom Don't wait until late in the summer to gather the seeds. Seeds from the

very first blooms will give much finer plants than those produced in the late smmer. It is a good practise to tie a cord around the stems of an extra-fine bloom and thus separate it from its fellows. Watch these marked pods

and save the seed before it is scat-Wistaria seeds will grow if planted fust as soon as they mature.

Mulch, mulch, mulch. Lawn clippings make a fine mulch, and don't forget that the dust mulch acts like a charm, in dry, hot weather.

Robbed to Play Poker. In one of the southern states a man whose habits were bad, robbed sand dollars. Instead of decamping he remained in the city. He con fessed to the theft and said he had emn rites to the priest. The entire lost the money playing poker. The morning is occupied thus, as the re- surety company sent a man to proseception of each procession takes con- cute the thief. He found the de siderable time. Meanwhile in the faulter had been receiving a good salpublic square a fair is held, and a ary from the express company and great crowd gathers. In the after- that there was no reason for his noon the relics of St. Giovanna are taking the money. Further investigation revealed the fact that the county attorney had sat in the poker game place in the lives of the Tuscan peas- and won most of the money; the ants, who, despite the differences be- other players were friends of the tween the church and the state, cling county attorney. The surety company to their religious observances tena- dropped the case at once and paid the express company the amount of the

Making It Hot. Bill-I see portable crematories have been suggested to follow the

Jill-Looks as if they were trying

to make war look like what General

Sherman said it was. A Frog in His Throat. "Why didn't you study your French lesson last night?" "Please, teacher, my throat was so

sore I could scarcely speak English."

-Judge. "I am much honored by your proposal, count, but I am already en-

'Well, couldn't you be engaged to

me next time?"-Ulk. "What is 'innate wisdom?"

"It's knowing all the little mean nesses of your neighbor before the town gossip or a real estate deal puts you wise."-Judge.

Willis-Then you think Romp left considerable life insurance? Gillis-Yes. The agent was the first one to propose to the widow.-Judge

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He-It was fearfully hot at the

gaine this afternoon. She-Why didn't you get one of those baseball fans we hear so much

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